

# AN ELEGIE

OFFERED UP

## TO THE MEMORY

Of that late faithfull Servant of GOD,

Mr. JEREMIAH BURROUGHS,

Minister of the Word at *Giles Cripplegate* and *Stepney*.

**T**O adde more ashes to our mortall Store,  
*Burroughs* is follow'd now, those gone before;  
Vnconquer'd Death, that spareth no degree;  
But fetters all in his Captivity,  
Hath seized him, a servant of the Lord.  
VVho preached I E S V S, as he's in the VVord:  
Set forth to all, he for them mercy hath,  
If they upon him will depend their Faith:  
These things (this Man of God) did to us preach,  
And to us plainly Iesus he did teach,  
Declaring to us, he's the only way.  
For to be saved, to him we must pray,  
If we would ever Heavens Gates enter in,  
VVe must leave all, we must forsake our sinne,  
On such good things he thought; the faithfull Preacher  
Spent all his life for Christ, who was his Teacher,  
For Christ our Saviour did alone him teach,  
And none but Christ our Saviour would he Preach.  
The world he scorn'd, though plenty of it having,  
But at Gods hands for grace was daily craving;  
Too base it was, that he to it should bend,  
Or to her Riches any credit lend;  
For, what are Riches? But like a Post in's way,  
Or, like a span, or like the flower in May:  
So worldly honours unto him seem'd base,  
To honour Christ that was his only grace:  
For Christ alone he lov'd, so lov'd to live  
That he might alwayes praises to him give.  
The grace of God was alwayes in his thoughts,  
The love of God, in sparing such foule faults  
VVhich he committed daily in his sight,  
Yet from the Lord would never rake his sight.  
For Iesus Christ was only his delight,  
And Christ his Crosse was alwayes in his sight,  
Christ was his joy, he was his whole desire.  
VVhat shall I say? Christ did he love intire.

An happy end this godly man did make,  
The world, her Riches from him he did shake.  
*Elijah* like, his mantle left behind  
For others to possesse, that they might find  
A loving friend of him, and might confesse  
That to his Neighbours all he was no lesse,  
Then a *Jonathan* unto King *David*,  
For's love was fixt, fixt where he loved,  
The truth of this, if you desire to know,  
Doe you unto his Printed Sermons goe;  
For they doe there unto the world declare,  
VVhat was their masters heart, what was his care  
To those that loved grace, and loved those  
That truly loved Christ, and him had chose.  
*London* afflicted in the face I see.  
That such a man from us by Gods decree,  
Should thus be snatch'd away, and from us part,  
The thoughts of which might melt the hardest heart;  
For in this City, for him being deceal'd,  
Thousands are mourners, and I not the least:  
Yet mourn, why should we? Or, why should we weep,  
VVhen *Burroughs* is not dead, but is a sleep:  
This man of God unto that glorious place,  
Ascended is, ever to see Gods face.

*Tendimus huc omnes, metam properamus ad vitam,  
Omnia sub leges mors vocat astra suas.*

*Per me, I. C.*

LONDON,

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